THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1325.

Original Poetry.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMSTREET.

Deep within the mournful ocean,
Far beneath the rumbling wave,
And the dolphin's quaintest motion,
Is a sailor's lowly grave.

Cannon, crossed and bolt and pivoted,
Sledge and anvil are no more;
And the jingle of across glimmer
Plainly 'guides the sailor's hoof.

And the messenger, on foam-gray career
As they clamber round his mark;
But the eyes of friends have never
Watched their strange, unearthly blaze.

One hand clasps a little blossom,
Pu' of sweetness bright and rare;
One, at rest upon his bosom,
Holds a shining lock of hair.

Nevermore shall soft hands greet him
In his far, beloved land;
Nevermore shall he again meet him,
Midst the laughing household band.

Maiden, that in woe art weeping,
When the dim eye of the ocean
Know'st these how mild winds are moaning
O'er the pebble-studded sea.

Or when wrathful winds were wailing,
O'er the phosphorescent sea,
Deem'd I heard his voice calling,
Rose his prayer to Heaven for thee!

Widow, that in dreams art flying
Far across the lonely ocean!
Fest in sleep's soft watchery lying,
Would he for joy that he has come—

Mourner, that in sorrow bowed,
Bring the sea of hope to thee!
Never from the ocean cloud
Shall that heart of thine be free!

Not thy watching, not thy weeping,
Not thy only hope restores,
Round whose heart wild words are creeping:
On the sweaty ocean floor!

TO MY HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ADELE.

Thy sweet tones' memory fondly bind no more,
And bondi'd the strains I lov'd so well,
Companion of my lonely hours,
Thy silly strings shall ne'er be touched!—
Still fond remembrance clings to thee,
And thought flies back to former days,
When near to me were those kind friends,
Who's love to me they ever kept.

A valued relic of the past
I ofttimes sit and view that still,
And think of those who gave it me in fair
Thy soft melodious notes to fill.
A grateful messenger of love,
A parted's gift, a glowing pledge of truth,
Whose soul-emotions that gifted bear
Which I remember'd thee.

A voice heard too, join'd none ever
To rich and sweet a harmony—
Alas! that gentle hand no more
Will stroke thy joyous chords again.
Thy fate, for surely, thou hast one,
Where dwell the cherish'd of my heart,
Sweet Lyre, adieu! thou shalt not be
From these affection ne'er can part.

Methinks at night when all things sleep,
Thy music would be heard by me,
Entrancing every sense with joy,
Like music Eolian softly
But silent now thy soothing tone,
And empty now thy chords! Lov'd as well,
Thy response floats upon the breeze,
Thy silvery chords have breathed farewell!

Original Tales.

THE RISING OF THE TIDE.
A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CLAY CLAYTON.

Terrible are the days of persecution. Terrible are those days when, under the guise of religious zeal, the enemy of all religion is let loose to ravage the earth. Those days when all that is malignant and cruel and revengeful in society, cloaks itself under a profession of great sanctity and love of God, and shelters, unabashed at the mockery, gratifying its hateful passions to the full. Such days have been—let us trust that such shall never again be. Let us trust that the holy name of religion, once learned, can never be forgotten, even by such an erring and forgetful creature as man. That human hearts have been imbued with its love, and that in letters of blood upon the history of every nation, not even entirely excepting our own, we would think could be forgotten.

No, nor the Martyrs! they who for the truth's sake have given up unstained by its dross their lives even with joy, at the stake and on the blood-stained scaffold—they, also, may not soon be forgotten. To their honor angels have descended, and at length the victory. Their blood truly has been the seed of the Church—the seed, also, of that noble and Christian harmony of Religious Liberty, under whose wide spread branches the whole universe, however they may differ in their opinions and belief, may dwell in peace. All praise then to the Martyrs! Praise to those who counted posterity, exile, penal servitude, and, finally, death, nothing in comparison with the maintenance of what they believed the truth. As the Turkish prophet taught that those who died fighting faithfully for their country and their creed purchased thus with their blood a certain entrance into Paradise, so may we believe that Martyrdom, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins. But to our tale.

In the old days of Scottish persecution, when the Covenanters were hunted like wild deer upon their native hills by the myrmidons of a despotic and cruel king, lived a minister by the name of Cameron. Esq. was that highland Reformed Presbyterian dwelt in the same vicinity, and in the same little but ugly cottage, partially concealed upon one of those frequent fissures or extension which put up from the German Ocean and indent the eastern shore of Scotland. There, with his wife, he had resided for forty years, always believed and respected, and for the last fifteen years of that period, revered and almost worshipped as their spiritual guide and as the river of the surrounding community. Married in early manhood to a lovely and serious-minded woman, and blessed in the course of time with a sweet and healthy little daughter, Mr. Cameron considered he had good reason to rejoice and be thankful that the lines had fallen to him in such pleasant places. But as the years rolled on, his shrewd mind began to perceive the clouds that were gathering around the acceptance and reasoning sect to which he belonged. But though he endeavored in the broadest charity and forbearance to produce a feeling on the part of his brethren less tenacious of points really not essential to their faith, and in this manner to be the herald by the force of sympathy, a more tolerant spirit in their opponents, yet all that any one man could do, however influential, would have only served to instigate not avert the oppressive storm.

Ellie Cameron, up to the period our tale opens, had never reached her eighteenth year. She was not beautiful—except to those that loved her, though they were all that knew her. Slight and graceful in her form as the lily, and we had almost said, as fair, though not as fragile—she was the idol, but that perhaps in a manner unbecoming to her father's heart. And Ellie, on her part, loved her father as only a daughter can love, with a love which almost seemed entirely blended of affection and reverence. She would no more have thought of disputing an opinion or sentiment uttered by him, than of cavilling at the words of her well versed Bible. Such love is beautiful, and yet all feel that it is too blind to last forever—at once not well that it should last forever—and in the beautiful order of nature it perceives its first blow, when a glove and a trooper that she hath never spoken to before, begin to stir her at times in the breast of the young maiden, and she learns to hearken for a well known footstep, or to blush at the manner in an accompanying tone, they marched same. But this never yet had been the case with Ellie—and though many "strange-ists" longed mightily to break into the sacred spell of their minister's presence, and have a chat with his sweet daughter, yet only occasionally would one of their number, and he the boldest, venture in bowed through the charmed barrier—and Ellie was then "fancy free."

The days of persecution had commenced—and Robert Cameron had become in many respects a changed man. So long as he could there was a possibility of the storm blowing over, he had counselled gentleness, moderation, and as far as possible, obedience to the powers that be;—but, when at last the blood-hounds of persecution were unleashed, he saw the day for mild counsels was past. Every feeling that dwelt in his bosom, and affected by his flock should abandon their faith. He knew that constituted as men are, infallible and imperfect, a degree of resentment towards their oppressors was most favorable to an adherence to the proscribed tenets, and the faithful maintenance of them through the storm of persecution that was to follow. Hence both the mild radiance which had formerly characterized his sermons to his people, became as the lurid light of heaven which sometimes shines in the way of the faithful, as they stumbled onward through the gloom and to warn and terrify the faint-hearted. But the consequences of such a change were obvious—soon being the least, he became one of the most distasteful of his way as a preacher, even more obnoxious because he had been at first the least so.

The head and front of the persecution in the section of country where Mr. Cameron lived, was a very wealthy farmer by the name of Johnston. He resided from an old and extensively family, he had always, until the tempest began to threaten, attended regularly upon Mr. Cameron's preaching. He was the wealthiest, and of course one of the most influential members of his church, and the first to fall away. Not only did he renounce the faith in which he had been educated, but, in accordance with the old maxim, that "one apostate is worse than ten heathen," he became a most active enemy in his denunciation of those who still adhered to it. Mr. Cameron could not, even if he had felt the disposition, silence such a glaring example of error by his silence. He held him up to the abhorrence of his hearers the next Sabbath, as a traitor to his name, his conscience, and his God. He pictured him as of like nature with Judas—one selling his Lord and Master to acquire, not the silver to retain, the good things of this world, the "thirty pieces of silver."

The effect of such a sermon, the purport of which was soon conveyed to Johnston, may well or might have been supposed. In proportion as he felt that his old associates hated and despised him, because his hatred of them, so did he hate and despise in turn. Intensely every name with joy,
Like music Eolian softly
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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868

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Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$2.5 not paid in advance.

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FOR TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Portfolio," for 1867, and one copy of either the Ladies' Pictorial Magazine, Select Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post more valuable, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our subscribers not to wait to make up a club, but to look to the latest obligation. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper at the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, bigger together without taste or method or variety, and call it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We feel confident, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending on their individual subscriptions as quickly as possible, in order that we may know of what new many thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PETER PLUMMER'S HONEY LOVE.—We will accept our friend's proposition, with one provision—that he positively carefully dot under or pencil out in red ink, all the words he wishes to have printed in italics. We have made in our printing, and in its substance, to fit it for the printer, and to preserve the same character of our paper, and should like to confirm his future communications to that standard. Our compositors will have no use for that kit-hook of trouble, if they would only pay a little attention to our general style of printing; which we by no means intend to allow to be cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We feel confident, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending on their individual subscriptions as quickly as possible, in order that we may know of what new many thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

FRANK FLETCHER.—We will try to find room for M. A. H. in our next.

MARGUET'S POEM.—Rarely good enough.

THE DAWN OF SPRING.—There was much to think, very decent at times in this poem, but its length and some fullness in the structure of the versification is the cause of difficult sense, the author best chosen in which to embody her thoughts, will prevent our acceptance of it. We should be pleased to see what the writer could do in a shorter composition.

ANSWER TO "HOPE THAT LIE."—We will endeavor to find room for "Alien" ones, in answer to her unobserved letter.

A Subscriber who writes to us from Indiana, relative to the "Water Rose" exhibited at the Franklin Institute—Centennial Exhibition, informs us that there is no foreward to the manufacturer as requested.

THE POOR.

Now that the winter is upon us, let the suffering poor not be forgotten. We mention the really poor, those who, from sickness or some other cause of a like character, have not been able through the summer to lay by sufficient to support them through the winter months. Women, with families of helpless children, made widows by death or drunkenness, have an especial claim upon the hearts of the charitable. Let the rich now remember that their wealth is not their own, but that they are only stewards of God, responsible to Him for the use they make of His treasures. Great will be their condemnation, in that day when shall be judged the quick and the dead, who have wasted their abundance upon their own selfish gratification, in a large house, costly furniture, and sumptuous living, while their fellow beings were left to suffering with cold and hunger in the adjacent tenants. "Lament not then elder it not to the least of these my brethren, then defer it not to me."

Even the stonily beggars, those who are suffering in the winter because they were too lazy to work in the summer, must not be left to starve. It must, however, not be forgotten that that spurious art of charity which is a true gift, is the worst kindthat, on the contrary, as the best, which lends work and wages for the destitute. If common wages be not sufficient to meet the necessities of the case, let an increased rate be given—but the great principle should never, if possible, be departed from, that "in the sweat of his brow shall man eat bread."

We will conclude these desultory remarks with an anecdote of an old lady, whose example we be to screen with our readers to follow, showing how differently people estimate the value of the services of others under different circumstances. This old lady had been to church upon a cold winter's morning—the church was not well warmed, the sermon was long and prosy, and, altogether, upon entering her carriage to return home, she felt most chill and uncomfortable. "John," said she to her driver, after riding a short distance, "it is very cold to-day—those poor Jenness must suffer very much. I think you and I may well be very little wood did you not?"

"Indeed, ma'am," replied John, "they had no more than a dozen sticks a week ago."

"Well, John," said the good old lady, mollifying herself up more closely in her cloak, as the cold wind came sweeping along, "suppose you gear up briskly to the cart this afternoon, and take half a cord over to them."

"Indeed, I will, ma'am," replied John, heartily.

A couple of hours passed by. The old lady had reached home, had entered away a hot and savory dinner, and seated in her parlor, with a bright fire glowing in the stove, and the vividly comfortable feast at this unfortunate moment—the door bell rang, the servant opened, and John put its hot head to inform her that he was going to load up the wood to take over to the Jenness.

"It is not quite so cold as it was, John, I think," said she, with a sense that she must cut the window.

"Well, I don't know, ma'am, —

"No, John. I am certain it is not—it has moderated very much, assuredly—and now I think of it, John, inasmuch as the sanctity of the Sabbath should never be infringed upon, except in cases of absolute necessity, perhaps you had better not take that wood over to day."

"I might take it early to-morrow morning, then, ma'am," said John.

"Well, we will see—we will see about it to-morrow," replied the old lady. "It looks to me as if we were going to have another warm spell"—and so saying, she settled down in her easy chair, and thought no more of the poor Jenness.

Reader, have you not sometimes acted as foolish and selfish a part as this old lady?

A JOKE.

Some surprise is expressed in "these parts" that, after the high eulogium upon the American people in the beginning of the President's Message, Mr. Polk should conclude his ten columns by calling the United States a "common country."

LUCRETIA; OR, THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

When Mr. Bulwer wrote his last "Last of the Barons" his fulsomest admirers were the chief of fashion. Intimacy with the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Northumberland, and the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Richmond, and the Duke of Suffolk, and the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Exeter, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Warwick

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by James R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent Smith, R. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

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The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

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(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

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[illegible]

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

Items of News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS.

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

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Bank Note List.

[illegible]

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Married,

[illegible]

Died,

[illegible]

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Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

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☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO., No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I burned as I mustered from night
For among a countless host,
At the childish hour of my infant might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the sea,
Canvas wing, a cord-like band,
Or wielding the wayward beam;
When I startled at every battle cry heard
With the toil which its thirsty hour,
As he lashed instead at the lordly sword,
Or lagged at the weary oar;—

When I measured the passing summer's query,
The flight of the meteor bird,
As they bore a love to a king decreed,
Or the lions of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world should fall,
As time's wave outstripped all;
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;
They locked me forth, at length,
And I rushed in my duress with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous stir ago
Let the water and smoke stream,
Where now my fiery tempest rage,
Nor coal be void or idle.

Hurrah, hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's sway decline;
Hurrah—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers that roll their restless tides,
Or them where its homes decline;
The giant sons of the ancient sky
And the stient floods divine.

The ocean grim where he's sweep,
To love my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice;
I carry the wealth and the lord of wealth,
The thoughts of the god like mind;
The wind has after my flying feet
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
To know to be "cut on the day;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself;
For lustrous ore dares with your iron hands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

Choice Selections.

MAKING OF FRIENDS' CLOTHING.

FROM THE BRITISH FRIEND.

The following remarkable documents respecting the making of Friends' clothing, are extracted from records of our early Friends in Dublin, and in London; and are transcribed for the purpose of showing the great care of our worthy proto-nosers, in guarding their members against the dangerous contamination arising from following the fashions of the world, in their apparel.

These examples of self-devotion to a Christian principle, are worthy of being regarded by us with admiration and respect; although, in these days of degeneracy, we may be too weak to imitate them.

S.

"At the half-year's Men's Meeting, held in Dublin, the 10th and 19th day of the 3d month, 1687:—

"4th minute. Whereas, there was some years ago, a meeting of Tailors appointed, that they might meet together in one that some do exceed the bounds of Truth, in making of apparel according to the vain and changeable fashions of the world, which meeting having been neglected and disused, that there is a desire in the minds of Friends of this meeting, to have it revived, and for that purpose, if it desired that such Tailors as are present, do meet together and consider whether things be answered in that trade according to Truth. Here followeth the names of several Tailors, who are desired to meet as above-mentioned, viz: [seven Friends.]

Upon this recommendation of the meeting, a conference was held of Friends engaged in the Tailoring trade, whereof hath entered the following account:

"At our meeting of Tailors in Dublin, the 11th of the 3d month, 1687:—

"The concern and care that hath for several years past been upon the minds of Friends when assembled together at several half-years' meetings, from which several testimonies have been given forth that all Friends might keep out of the vain and foolish fashions of the world, as to which fashions it appeared some that profess Truth of our trade have not kept themselves so clear as we could desire, in making or cutting out some garments for Friends and their children, but have entered too much into such fashions as the people of the world have invented, to the grief of the spirits of those who desire to keep the test pattern which the Truth brought us into in the beginning. These things being under our consideration at this time, have caused us to renew our Tailors' meeting, which at the same time past hath been neglected. Wherefore, being now again stirred up by the spirit of love and true tenderness for the good of all concerned, we do desire all Friends of our trade throughout this nation to let the plain innocent Truth, and the honor thereof, be more in their eye than the profit and gain that may be had by making any garment that is not agreeable to Truth and the plainness thereof, so that we may return our test here, and that we may be still known by the world to retain and keep to that which bindeth our hearts; that they may be made to condemn us we are not a changeable people as some are that run into the changeable fashions, namely, to keep out of making men's coats with a great compass, and plaited in the lower parts, and big cuffs with needless buttons: and likewise in women's apparel, long sleeves behind, which are the vain fashions of the world, and not to be practised by us who profess the Truth; for we are not to fashion ourselves according to the course of this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds.

"Signed on behalf of the said meeting, by

"EDWARD BUSHE, THOMAS PEARSALL."

The following minute of the Morning Meeting in London, on the subject, addressed to Friends of the same trade, appears to be no answer to an address of the Tailors to that meeting, but which address the transcriber has not met with:—

"1690, 3d month. To Friends of the Meeting of Tailors, London—

"Friends: we have received your testimony against the vain and needless fashions of the world, and exhorting to plainness and moderation, and we do well approve thereof, and desire that you may continue that testimony in your practice; and we are also willing that copies of it may be sent from your Meeting to your correspondents, and to Monthly Meetings, for the stirring up the witness of God in others, that a thorough sense may be had over the Lord's name honored, and his people preserved.

"From Friends, at the second day's Morning Meeting in London: signed by

"BENJAMIN BEALING, Clerk."

THE DEVIL FISH.

It was our fortune a few years ago, to "sound" several months with a native of Charleston. He was a very honorable and gentlemanly person and would have scorned to exaggerate on any subject save the peculiar glories of South Carolina, but we must confess that some of his sporting adventures staggered our credulity not a little. Among the hard ones, were certain accounts of the characteristics, size, and cleave of the Devil Fish, sometimes called, he said, from his bat like wings, the vampire of the ocean. He described the size of this fish as varying from 40 feet to fifty feet in breadth, with a mouth capacious enough to take in four salesmen abreast; and a curious horn, or beaver, on either side. The fish, according to his account was an enemy, and full of mischief, too, that it had been frequently known to take the anchor of any of the vessels, lying in the bay of Charleston in its mouth and tow the craft out to sea, to the inexpressible astonishment and mony of the mariners.

We regarded this as purely apocryphal until we met with a copy of a Boston paper, called "Elliott's Carolina Sports," which corroborates in the main our companion's story, though this account gives the largest fish mentioned as but four feet and measured one only eighteen feet across the back, from these to four feet thick as it lay in the water, and the tail or bucket about three feet in length.

"It is the habit of this fish," (says the Hon. William Elliott of Beaufort, S. C.,) to ply these seas rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with his strong fins whatever it encounters in whatever body it has once enclosed. To this way the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and carried out by the Devil Fish having hold of the grapnel. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a school of these fish, as they crept by in front of my President's residence, would sometimes, at flood tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water table; the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uproot, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings."

This remarkable account of the marine king does makes its appearance in the bay of Charleston from August to August. It is described by Linnæus as of the genus Ray, species Diodon.

In opening from Bay Point to Hilton Head, in August 1837, Mr. Elliott says, he says, right Devil Fish, one directly in the track of his boat as he spanked away under a press of sail. He threw up his wings a short space in advance, and kept them steadily erect, as if to act for sails, and passed so near that Mr. E. would have harpooned him, had he possessed the implement.

Large numbers of them may frequently be found playing on a bank, in two or three fathoms water; displaying nothing however but their broad, dingy tops, their copper-colored edges glancing to the sun as they rise and sink in paradise through the tranquil brine. Their motions are rapid, capricious, and almost spasmodic; and when struck with a harpoon they are ugly customers.—*Boston Bee.*

THE FROSTY-SOULED RUSSIANS.

In this desolate region I saw men old with grey hair and ruddy faces who had lived through sixty degrees of cold and so many shaddock summers, and seemed contented, if not happy. But utter beggar fellows seems to be the highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to town when all the church bells are ringing, and if he find some spirit in a public room attends the ceremony of worship, and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostration, and waiting signs of the cross. Then home, he hastens to the brandy shop, (and sometimes the priest goes with him)—there he wastes no time but pulls out his money and buys as much brandy as he can afford. He does not yet with his liquor, but swallows it down at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern keeper takes his outsteel customer by the heels and draws him out into the street there to lie till the next morning. Frequently as we entered a town after the celebration of a festival, we saw a score of these brandy drinking sinners, all lying in the street in the deepest slumber, with their heads at their feet, and their bonnets in their baskets! The young men of Untsay-Wolski walked along the tempting line of faces, in a very apathetic way, and seemed quite as sorrowful as if they had been at a funeral, and here we found amusing instances of national taste. In the market place stood a long row of stout, honest looking, coddly-cheeked present girls, each with a basket upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell cheese-cakes! I was a market for cheese, with their deserter